EAST VILLAGE

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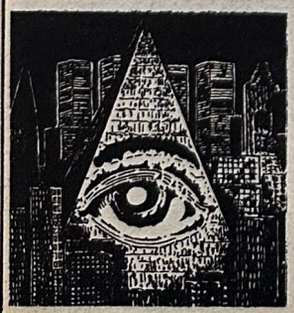
East Village Eye



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Aftermath on the Avenues

The First of a Series

by Lisa Zinna

On a bright Thursday morning on Avenue B, three poorly dressed little boys play with an old, battered basketball in a rubble-strewn lot. Off in a corner, a wino in a tattered gray overcoat sits on the ground amid broken glass and guzzles down a bottle of Night Train.

Surrounding the lot are empty shells of burnt out tenement buildings. In some, brick walls are peeled away, revealing the blackened interiors that are now filled with rotting garbage and piles of debris.

Block after block, from 14th Street to Houston Street, from Avenue A to Avenue D, one can see, smell, and feel the devestation of the neighborhood.

Many of the residents are gone now. Some remain, though, trying to hold on to the homes that have not yet burned. Others will burn their buildings down themselves so that they will be moved out of the area by the City.

Last year, according to figures from Community Board Three, there were 354 suspicious fires here. Of those, 290 were in occupied buildings. Although fires in unoccupied buildings have declined, according to figures from the Fire Marshal's office that investigates them, fires in occupied buildings are increasing.

"The reason that there aren't as many fires in unoccupied buildings is that most of the abandoned buildings that could have been burned down, were," said Steven Juhan, District Manager of Community Board Three.

Most of those fires were arson or termed "suspicious." Some were set maliciously by youngsters. Some of the others occurred in the winter, the time of year when most occur. Junkies and derelicts living in the abandoned buildings would light fires inside to keep warm. When the building burned down, they would move on to another one and repeat the cycle. Still others were due to garbage problems. Juhan explained that some small store owners, unable to afford private carters, would dump their garbage in the abandoned buildings. "When the buildings were literally filled to the roof," said Juhan, "the only way to get rid of the garbage was to burn down the building."

More serious lately are the fires in occupied buildings. According to the Fire Marshall's office, these follow a pattern. At first it was difficult to detect. Juhan explained that each time there was a fire, a different marshall came to investigate and no one saw a pattern. Two years ago, however, the city was divided into zones. In this way, certain marshalls could be assigned to specific areas and be able to keep an eye on the trends and patterns that developed.

On a wall in the Fire Marshall's office on Church Street, a map outlines the area and a tight cluster of pins shows the concentration of suspicious fires in there. "They're going to make one big parking lot out of the neighborhood soon," said one marshall.

Fire Marshall Cecil Maloney, a chief investigator and Jim Colon, who investigates fires in welfare buildings, are familiar with the problems and patterns of these fires. "Arson for profit is a major cause," said Maloney.

In a neighborhood like this, the buildings quickly lose their value. The owners can't resell or refinance them. "That is the point when the owner makes a conscious business decision to get rid of the building by causing a fire," said Maloney. "First, though, he milks it for all he can get out of it." Then he will collect all of the insurance payment after the building burns.

The death of the building begins. The owner stops making repairs of any kind on the building. He stops paying the mortgage. The building quickly begins to deteriorate and the complaints of the tenants, most of whom are on welfare, are ignored.

Next, all services are cut off, including heat, hot water, and pest control. "The amazing thing now," said George Dane, who heads a task force in Brooklyn to combat similar problems there, "is that the landlord doesn't even have to hire a torch (someone who will burn the building down)." "That's right," explained Colon. "He knows that the welfare tenants will burn the building down themselves so they can get relocated."

These landlords usually own a few buildings of the same sort. Maloney explained that sometimes, after the tenants burn the building down, the landlord will have them relocated to another one of his buildings to repeat the process. Tenants with records of arson are moved into the top floors, where the fires usually start, by the landlords. This, according to Maloney, is done because if the fire started on the lower floors, the people on the top floors wouldn't be able to get out.

"The problem is that no one who should, really cares," said Colon. There is a law that says that if a building has a lot of violations that aren't corrected within a certain amount of time, the bank holding the mortgage is supposed to take it over. "But the banks don't want to get into the business of managing buildings, they can't be bothered," explained Colon.

"If there are complaints," said Dane, "the banks come in and just give it a windshield (light, unthorough) inspection. The landlord just makes some light, cosmetic repairs, like plastering holes in the walls and that's the end of it."

"Why should the banks care," said Maloney, "They still get their money from the mortgage back from the insurance if the building burns."

(continued)

"We've got to kill the arson-for-profit motive"

Photos by Marlene Bartos

Insurance companies are another part of the problem, according to Maloney and Colon. Most of these buildings are insured under the FAIR (Fair Acess to Insurance Residuals) Program that was developed after major insurance companies refused to insure buildings in trouble neighborhoods. The program provides for a pool of funds from all of the insurance companies. If the building burns down, the owner is paid the market value of the building.

A problem that arises from this is that the owners, wanting to profit from their investment, will inflate the original price of the building. This is done by changing owners many times, but just on paper. In reality, the same person still owns it. Thus if, for example someone pays $50,000 dollars for a building, he will sell it on paper many times, increasing the price each time. "He can double his money," said Maloney.

The companies don't really care, explained Maloney. Their investment is small, and they make huge profits in other areas.

"We've got to kill the profit motive for arson," said Colon. "We need a law like New Jersey has; If a building has violations that go uncorrected, the owner gets no insurance if the building burns down."

Although the picture looks bleak, there is new hope and many people have positive feelings about the neighborhood's future. District Manager Juhan is enthusiastic about plans being developed and carried out by various groups, including Community Board Three. "I'm beginning to see a different picture now," he said. "I see vitality, enthusiasm, and a commitment by people to save their neighborhood. They want to be proud to live on the Lower East Side."

A major rehabilitation program is now in the works. Most of the property in the area is now owned by the city. Community Borad Three has a major say about what is to be done with it. "We're directly opposed to the sale of city owned property unless a specific plan is developed for it," said Juhan. "We're very much in favor of, and pushing for, tenant co-ops."

Two major housing organizations have sprung up. Both are working on major plans for rehabilitation. The Lower East Side Coalition for Housing Development, located at 212 Avenue B, has been in existence for a little over a year. The coalition's purpose is to try to prevent any more deterioration of abandoned buildings in the area. They organize tenant groups and have recently formed block associations from Ninth to 12th Streets. In the works are plans to establish a fire prevention program with all tenants' groups in the area. They are also involved in a major rehabilitation project for Ninth through 12th Streets.

On Monday, April 16, work began in this area. Demolition crews will be here for four weeks; construction then begins. The work will be done by people in the community, thus providing them with jobs. Funded by the state, the coalition is working closely with various other organizations, including Community Board Three. Tenants who need assistance with housing problems, or who want to organize, can contact the organization at 677-4772.

Another program, Adopt a Building, located at 605 East Ninth Street, is doing similar work. Adopt a Building can be reached at 677-8700.

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A SAVAGE SATIRE ON SOCIETY'S DISTORTIONS OF THE SINGLE AND COLLECTIVE MINDS IN A WORLD WHERE KILLING IS NOT ALWAYS MURDER . . . WHERE THE ACCUMULATION OF WEALTH BY A FEW AND THE IMPOVERISHED CONDITION OF MANY SETS THE SCENE FOR SAFECRACKING, BREAKING & ENTERING, CONS, BANK ROBBING ———THE OFFENDERS

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Girls in a Swirl

by Michael Otterson

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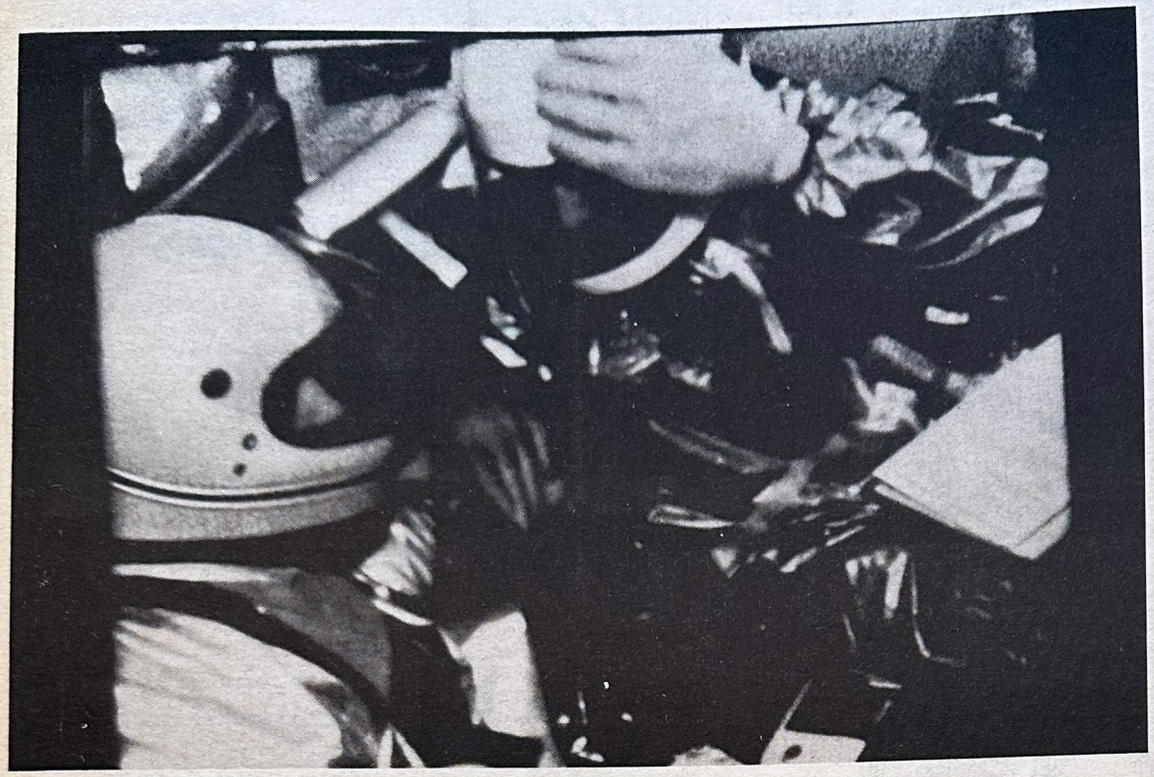

ABOVE: LURIE and MITCHEL in MEN IN ORBIT

BELOW: JENNIFER deMIRO in RED ITALY

ciné stars spill

by Bethany Haye

"The New Cinema is just like the very early days of the nickelodeon picture show—it is the purity and innocence of the era before Pearl White when they became movies." David Walter McDermott III, star of vaudeville and screen, is relaxing in a peach satin smoking jacket before shooting begins on his next film.

"You see, making pictures was an adventure back in those days. A collection of friends would get together and decide to make one, and they would all get in a car and do it, and then they'd show them in those nickelodeons in the parlors of old brownstones—very similar to the New Cinema space in St. Mark's Place. But then came movies and the industry got sidetracked with talkies and again with color, and then they just started doing all these big production numbers in the 30's and 40's: they just became popcorn houses. Standards were so high in the 20's. The human things they were portraying were so subtle, and then, for some reason, they got it in their heads that the public wanted junk. And they became brash. You know those Joan Crawford films—brash, ugly.

"And that is what we're rebelling against. We're not into feeding the public porno. We are a return to the noble fantasy world, back to the beginning, the way it started."

David is the star of *Rome '78*, James Nares' epic about the actors' fantasies about intimate politics in ancient Rome. As Nares puts it, "Everyone had a different idea of what they were doing." Which is what makes the film rather an absurd dream. Lots of real cute numbers in togas plotting to kill off Caesar, or spreading nasty rumours about his sex life with friends and relatives, which often met with a disdainful "where'd ya hear that from Aurelius? Oh God you'll believe anything". There's a scene where Caesar says to the Empress Octavia (Anya Phillips), who's been pleading for military support for half an hour, "Oh, alright, I'll give you some Roman legions because I *love* your outfit." Which made perfect sense because her outfit was divine. So was her houseboy.

There was a moment where Caesar ran out of things to rant, but the camera wouldn't go away. For a fraction of a second David seemed to be flapping his wings to launch into another diatribe when, in a smooth about face, he performed a sunny impromptu tap dance. And that, folks, is a star.

"We were playing Empire, just like we used to do when we were kids, only someone was filming it. We didn't need a script because we knew who we were. We just made it up."

Some of the cast made it up better than others. At the end, a messenger rushes in shouting, "Caesar is dead!" Everyone begins cheering and speculating, "Metallus did it" "No, it was Aurelius" One nymphette cries "I know who did it. It was John Lurie."

David has confided: "You know, they could have saved Caesar. He was an innocent corrupted by the society he was brought up in, a pure babe. Like I say to Christian (Hoffman, who plays his brother Lucius) at the end: "why didn't you tell me all this when I was six years old—before I killed 20 million people?" [At this point, Caesar is all done up in Las Vegas showgirl drag including headdress, as the deity Venus. Lucius, taxing his brain, frantically trying to hatch an escape plan clutches his temples and pleads, "You've got to take that hat off now, I can't think."]

In contrast to the epic proportions of Rome '78 which Nares likens to a budget *Ben Hur*, Eric Mitchell's *Red Italy* is a calm black and white affair in which a bored, rich woman (Jennifer Miro) wanders around looking for romance and adventure. She picks up an American GI and goes to his flat. He begins to undress her and tells her he's not going to fuck her. (David: "wasn't that great how he wouldn't have sex with her? We're raising public morality.") Eric picks up the story: "We see her with her German ex-lover, then she meets this narrow-minded, self-righteous communist rock singer (played by Eric, whose rendition of Be-bo-alula is a gem). So her husband takes away the car and cuts off her money, and she goes back to the rock singer who dumps her, just leaves her there all alone—a bit of melodrama. It's very shallow. The thing is not to look for too many meanings—you just go and see what is given to you, and don't think too much about it."

Another film that is not made for intellectualizing about is John Lurie's *Men in Orbit* which could be subtitled "Lonesome Astronauts". John and Eric are the men: Eric chews gum and gets put on hold by missions control, John plays guitar and goes to sleep. It's funny, and rated G.

Becky Johnson is another of the core group of filmmakers who will be premiering in a film soon (as yet untitled) about a woman as experienced separately by three different men. Becky: "We're interested in showing almost exclusively narrative films of all types. They're all low-volume, very cheap." James adds: "We pretty much know who's making the films we want to show. We're mostly showing films made specifically for the New Cinema." Becky: "There's a big overlap. Most of the actors have been in almost all the films shown so far. They kind of rotate from one director to the next." Besides the actors already mentioned, the group includes: Patti Astor, Lydia Lunch, James Chance, Lance Loud, Bradley Field, Michael McClarin, Tina L'Hotsky, Mitch Coeber, Jim Sutcliff, Arto Lindsay, Scott Wardell, Tom Wright, Harold Volgt, and Rene Ricard. "One of the things about this set up here," says James, "is that it's so cheap. Super 8—the best for less. There are other places that show tapes on TV screens, but this is the first theatre, certainly in New York, that actually has the facilities." The fifty-seat space uses an Advent projector which throws color video transfers onto a 6'× 6' movie screen. Of course, they can be shown on a regular TV screen. And: "We're flirting with cable." says Eric, "Oh, I believe that in the future, television will pay for the films we're making now. If we get them on the air, it's really going to start happening." Becky: "It's still pretty localized, but we're looking to..." Eric: "The world!"

DAVID

ERIC

The handsome young gentleman featured in this month's EAST VILLAGE EYE with luminaries Jack White and Anya Phillips is Duncan Smith, their dear friend. Duncan is a very special boy, for he has devoted all his attention towards the success of his friends and thus has insured his own success. Duncan is admired by all for his care in acting as secretary for % management, the company representing James White and his organization. A perfect example is what Duncan Smith is to all supporters of the James White movement.

He is enthusiastically well dressed and tasteful. He is respectful and well groomed—a fashion model. Duncan Smith will not let James Chance be interrupted in a performance by some rude animal. It is Duncan who has inspired the White audience to police itself and to make the rude displays between the star and the vulgarian that are so often celebrated, a thing of the past. Accolades to Duncan Smith, the fan of the hour, who uses his appreciation of beauty as a trade mark in his sensuous life among the stars.

ANYA PHILLIPS

White & Co. Move Uptown

I've only been to the Mudd Club once. I intend never to go there again. Anya was ashamed of me that I had the tastelessness to even visit the place just once. So I shall keep my vow never to step into that place again. Our company may be isolated as a result of this taboo, but it does not suffer from impoverished imagination, a lamentable feature of so many people who debase themselves by stepping into that self-conciously cloacal locale.

—DUNCAN

Anyone with any semblance of a brain should know by now that it's time to forget about all this outdated, cornball "new/no wave" drivel. Anyone who stays on the lower east side will become the inevitable victim of provincial mind rot, also known as unsophisticated cancer. So dislocate yourself. Get slick, move uptown and get trancin' with some superadioactive disco voodoo funk. don't be afraid of radiation; just get your daily dose and you'll mutate into a better person. and i don't want to hear any excuses about not having the money. if you don't learn how to spend your money now, your money is going to spend you!

yours for impulse buying,
James White

When i picked up the contortions last summer, there was nothing to cash in on. James had a support band on the art fringe and was lucky to be able to pay them $20 if anything after a gig. the audience may have been enthusiastic, but it was small and poor. it was hard enough to get three lousy dollars out of them to see the band, much less $12 *not* to see them (re: NY NY).

The band had no sense of direction. i refined and polished their image, gave them a distinct visual style and spent 18 hours a day insisting to a doubting public that James was a star.

Now i live on murray hill. james has two record contracts and we go to macy's every day. we're light years away from the kind of money i want to have, but we've certainly got more than any of our so-called contemporaries.

But the more money we made, the less friends we had. our success was too painful a reminder of their own worthlessness and inability to make money. their vicious jealousies became more obvious with every digital increase in our earnings. we dropped them like hot potatoes (cheap, tasteless and starchy). when the new cinema opened across the street from us on st. marks and everyone we hated was standing outside staring at us when we went for dinner, we knew it was time to abandon a diseased ship. when confronted with the choice of crisp green bills or envious green faces, we knew who we wanted to keep company with—franklin and grant.

Of course we're in it for the money. what else is of any value in a city such as new york, or in a business such as the record industry? limos, caviar and fur coats cost money. so do rent, food and the subway. anyone who isn't interested in making money isn't interested in living and breathing. money bought us a first class ticket out of the lower east side pisshole. it's not my problem you're all waiting to leave on standby.

—ANYA

JAMES WHITE

by Walter Fleming III

After a successful round of Manhattan night clubs to sellout crowds, numerous phonograph records and the special sensation to the rock and roll world—"a new look and attitude towards popular music,"—Star James White stands positive, with responsibility at the threshold of a life long career as an American luminary.

With the loving support of a tight entourage and society of friends James White finds himself a paragon of superior excellence. Everywhere, he is treated with awe and the special consideration lacking in most people's lives. James White grows larger, his genius intensifies. He is an example to the young, an example of the necessity in this age of being perfect.

One need not fear the power of James White, one need not fear perfection. He, the star, is the proof of the divinity that can be had by those who strive for a life beyond the schemes of men. James White is not an animal creature. James White is one of the breed called god in older times. He is a wiz, but do not get scared 'cause James White is the pattern of all that is great in America.

By his side directing for him the sway of the mob is the Empress of the only high society Manhattan town has to offer these days. Anya Phillips is the lady who conceived the Mudd Club as "The Molotov Cocktail" and with the tact of genius put the club management right in its place with the people in the know. Anya Phillips remains flying around James White. The couple must hold their radiation at bay when dealing with lesser souls, for the light is so strong, the energy so pure a generation accustomed to the blue light of a viewing set is quickly burned. One will not find the hippie in these two—they are apart from that. Not since the days of the big Hollywood land dream has America felt such warmth.

But beware, America, because this time you are not dealing with sweet Theda Bara who you drove to a crummy flat across from her old studio, or Mae Murray who wandered around in her finery not knowing who she was, or Veronica Lake who found her stardom turned to table service, because of your stupid entertainment fickleness. With James White and Anya Phillips you signed a contract with stars that know what your opinion means. This time, there will be no change in fashion that makes your fave groups passe. Once a star and always a star; and James White and Anya Phillips are here with their Contortions and their Blacks to get it through your thick skulls what a pack of tasteless rats you Americans have become.

Imagine this ideal, dream-come-true fantasy country becoming an overpopulated highway, television-connected nuclear time bomb. Submit, America, submit to your betters, the artists and dream-makers expect your total support. What nerve you have to think you have the right to spend your dough on a new refrigerator. America, you are tasteless and by your stupid spending and perpetuation of the inane suburban life style you strangle the paradise that could have been. Send that cash to the stars for the sake of paradise. Do not buy the phonograph records to support the stars 'cause the star only gets thirty cents—send the complete purchase price to the star and expect nothing in return. It is a life work to be a star, and America has signed a contract for life with James White.

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"You never get a second chance to make a first impression," contributes a member of Paranoids Anonymous the group that publishes **PAN** (Paranoids Anonymous Newsletter), today's central mouthpiece for this growing minority. The group has overcome enough of its skittishness and secretiveness to provide us with a few issues of intriguing insights into the minds of our paranoid compatriots. (Not surprisingly in the least, membership is concentrated in California and New York.)

Copy is consistently superb, and knows no age bracket. A child submits "Why I'm Afraid of Sugar":

'One day my friends and I were on a picnic when along came a scorpion. Everybody screamed and ran. I thought it was very quit *(sic)*. But they were so chicken everybody had to go to a restaurant. One of my friends ordered coffee. She opened up a jar and inside were little grains that gleamed up at you then she put it in her coffee do you know what it was? That was SUGAR!!!!

Q. Why are you afraid of sugar.

A. Because it gleams up at you."

Those familiar with paranoiac behavior patterns will find this piece disturbing in its veracity.

Is it wicked to mock the afflicted?

No need to laugh overloudly, for soon that neatly suppressed fear begins to inch toward the surface, and those shoes in the closet that never really looked benign, actually start plotting.

PAN resides at 29 John Street, Room 1606, NYC 10038. Copies are $1.00 each. Don't tell them we sent you.

Other Papers

by Leonard Abrams

It's tough bringing out a new publication — especially considering the competition. It seems everybody's doing it these days, and many are doing it well. We at the *Eye*, conscious of our maverick position in this field, hope that we too can fulfill our role of service to the public.

Here is just a small sampling of what else is available. Most can be found in select downtown bookstores:

The Razor's Edge is the principal magazine on the subject of bald-headed women. Issue #10 of RE includes a step-by-step photo sequence of the haircutting-and-shaving of the head of a pretty woman identified as Elizabeth H. The magazine's editor Captain Stanley reports on the growing popularity of the bald look for women, and the dilemma of "beautifully balded heads hiding in the synthetic security of wigs. And Italia Miss Bald America gives a full accounting of her duties in her feature, "Off the Top of My Head."

A lively correspondence in the letters department rounds out the issue. Included are a good number of mail order ads (hair clippings, photos, books, etc.), and personals. Why a baldness fetish? Think.

Address correspondence to P.O. Box 685, Palisades, NY 10964. Price is $3.00 per copy. Steep, but it's the only clean shave in town.

International Anthem "Nihilists Newspaper for the Living" has published the strongest statement of any kind for any number of years. It is a blackly furious indictment of what is, and what has been.

As manifestos spring up now like mushrooms, so do anthems. "Asylum," in the second issue of the **Internation Anthem** attacks: "He would nail my body upon his cross/Suicide Visionary/Death Reveller / Rake / Rapist / Lifefucker / Jesu / Earthmover / Christus / Gravedigger / You dig the graves of Auschwitz / The Soil of Treblinka is your guilt / Your sin / Master / Master of gore / Enigma / You carry the standard of your opposition..."

If it wasn't apparent before, we know now how bad it is, and how bad it will be.

Smegma magazine is my nominee for Magazine with Most Impeccable Taste. The first and only issue to date includes fun graphics, an eloquent interview of Lance Loud, a catechism quiz game and loads of famous quotes from Ionesco ("We are made to be immortal and yet we die. It's horrible, it can't be taken seriously"); Freud ("Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar"); Zappa ("The cheese I have for you, my dear is real, and very new") And Tuli Kupferberg contributes a best-of-graffitti section with faves like "America good country — people no good"; and "Why worry about tomorrow when today is so far away?"

Plus the Smegmaniacs are a consumer-minded lot. Since the first issue in October of '78 there have appeared a small supplement and a 1979 calendar, both xerox-art and both free. The calendar has a lot of important birthdays on it,

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FROM THE STUDIOS OF... Jeffrey Geiger

TONI

JANE IN RUINS – SAINT JANE

A FOOD

Ellen Goes Shopping

Dear Leonard,

Hi! how are your stitches coming along? Well, here's some news for you as soon as you are able to carry your shopping bag. I just discovered a place that has tubs full of live fish, pink and blue jelly beans, pickles and voodoo supplies. What it is, is the Essex Street Market, which consists of a whole bunch of open stands inside a couple of big buildings in the Lower East Side. Everything is fresh and colorful and cheap (I'm on a low budget).

When I went there the first time I needed to buy some dinner and a birthday present for Mike. It was a breeze. The fish man took the nasty head and scales off of a mackerel for me. The fruit lady tried to explain what papaya, mamey and guanabana were — I still don't don't know but I love the names. I also had to ask about mavi ($2.50/lb.) because the thin pieces of bark looked like cinnamon. The juice from the bark is made into a beverage, I found.

I chose a wrapped assortment of figs, prunes and dates that came with a flowered serving-toothpick for Mike. I also picked out a nice cow's heart from the meat counter. Mike said everything was good.

I talked to the man who ran the meat counter, Alan Ruhalter. He told me that the merchants have cooperative ownership of the market, which has been there for thirty years. Mayor Laguardia opened it as a place to relocate the pushcart vendors that were in business on Orchard Street. Mr. Ruhalter proudly traced his shop back to his father's pushcart as we stood under dangling salamis and what I think was a goat.

The city owned the market until 1966, when management expenses got out of hand. Under the threat of closing the merchants joined together. They drastically reduced operating costs and now 78 holders of one or more stands, pay $14.25 a week/per stand. This rent covers utilities and security, and affords a place for ethnic and specialty items to be sold.

My favorite stand is one that sells a variety of religious equipment. The articles range from All-Purpose Incense to statues of Saint Francis and Elvis Presley. All-Purpose Incense is guaranteed for use in "love, money, gambling, double-fast luck and home protection." None of the voodoo supplies come guaranteed but they look like they do the trick. There are matching male and female-figure candles for $1.50/pair that have a definite resemblance to the body snatchers' victims.

For the believer, is an opportunity to contribute to some worthy cause by tossing a coin to a fenced-in statue. He authentically drips painted on-blood from several wounds and small replicas may be easily purchased.

Judging from the types who hang out at the Essex Street Market, I know the most exotic items must sell. the seedier element is warned off by a sign that says, "Attention: Shoplifting is a criminal offense. Avoid arrest, embarrassment and a possible concussion on the head."

Anyway, you'll fit right in, so get well and get over there. I'm going back to buy some red and gold stripe plastic sandals at the sportswear stall (only $2.98), now that the weather's nice.

love,
Ellen

P.S. The Essex Street Market is on Essex Street between Delancey and Rivington and is open Monday thru Saturday, 8 A.M. — 6:30 P.M.

Photos by Marlene Bartos

EAT
11 St. Mark's Place
473-8888
No meats
No sugars
No refined foods
-No shit !

37½ St. Mark's Place
Angelica
HERBS · SPICES
•organic foods
•herbal cosmetics
•tinctures
•teablends
•fresh stone-ground flours
OPEN EVERY DAY !
9am-9pm

VILLAGE PIANOS
SPECIALIZING IN RECONDITIONED PIANOS
AT AFFORDABLE PRICES
WE ALSO MOVE PIANOS
3 ST. MARKS PLACE
254-8106

SOME CARTOON

CHICKEN REPORT

by Margaret Drimer

I've eaten, prepared and bought chicken every which-way. Although I'm not overly fond of the bird, per se, I know a good deal when I see it. Chicken's good for you, what's more is it's cheap and plentiful. Americans eat about 12 billion pounds of poultry a year . . . that's 60 pounds each. I just don't know if I can hold up my end.

Early on, I had a great awe and fear of chickens. This I lay partially at the door of the live chicken market where, my mother, with a misguided sense of children's entertainment, usually dragged me. Decapitated chickens regularly jumped off the chopping block and ran around, horribly and rhytmically spurting geysers of blood. After a scene like that, I couldn't quite comfortably sit down and consume my 60 lbs. per annum.

My sister set a somewhat better example. Laid out along side her knife, fork and napkin was a book of matches. As we ate she'd carefully scrutinize each piece and matter-a-factly burn off any stray pin-feathers she'd happen to find, putting me in mind of the time I saw an elegant gent ignite some unlucky lady's freshly teased and sprayed beehive, with a cigarette holder in a four-inch ivory holder. It had the effectiveness of a blow torch. Sitting down to a chicken dinner with my sister was a similar experience on a smaller scale, with infinite repitition.

But as time passed, my finicky approach to fowl diminished, along with my finances. There's just no two ways about it, chicken is cheap; it's also a rather inexpensive form of entertainment. Think of the fun-filled hours you can spend broiling, boiling, roasting, fricaseeing, potting, creaming, stewing or frying, not to mention eating. If you're into bones you can effectively draw this part of the process out interminably, avoiding such things as work, paying Con Ed bills, returning over-due library books, making your bed, etc.

Anyway you look at it, chicken's just plain efficient. The bird's a machine for converting plant to animal protein. Henry Ford couldn't have proposed anything more expedient. Chickens are big business. On what is warmly referred to as, "Broiler Farms", one man can raise as many as 25,000 birds at a clip. As they are sold at eight weeks of age, that's more than 16,000 fowl per year, per man. A powerful, commanding postion, it's fortunate these lonely captains of industry don't think of something more innovative to do with those 160,000 units of idle pecking and scratching.

Me, I like supermarkets. I often find myself dawdling around, languishing, as it were, amidst abundance. I'm especially partial to chicken breasts, a slight extravagance at 1.69 per lb., but why quibble, I'll usually settle for a quartered chicken anyway. I think most people find them easier and neater than the whole bird. Recently however, a realistic friend pointed out what's apparently obvious: when you buy a quartered chicken you are not getting four pieces of the same bird. I felt as if the rug had been plucked out from under me. But alas, it's true, if you ever tried to glue one back together, you'd see for yourself the parts don't fit. I suppose its illogical to think ayone wearing a sanitary beard-mask would take the time and trouble to make sure the right quarters are packaged together as they come cascading down the assembly line. I doubt I'd do it either if I was standing knee-deep in chicken parts . . . why do they say QUARTERED CHICKEN when they mean CHICKEN QUARTERS?

But to be perfectly honest, it all tastes the same to me. I once read about a famous gourmet who could tell, just by the taste, which leg a chicken usually stood on. Apparently chickens favor one leg over the other. I don't, and I don't think I'm unique.

Last summer I drove by a tiny fast-food-southern-fried-chicken-stop, in a quiet little town upstate. In an apparent effort to compete with the Kentucky Fried Conglomerate across the road, the little guy offered his own interpretation of that slick Chicken Commercialism. In addition to free plastic chicken foot swizzle sticks to all comers, a rather largish sign announced:

"THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL: BATTERED CHICKEN"

With sincere apologies to all wives who've suffered the same fate, I remain endlessly fascinated.

Vegetarian Eatery Update

by Cassandra Kindheart

ANGELICA'S KITCHEN
42 St. Marks Pl.
Hours: 12:30 P.M. to about midnight

This restaurant is located between First and Second avenue; it is connected with Angelica Herb and Spice, right across the street, which is over a year old. The restaurant seems like a natural extension of the store which specializes in herbs, spices and dried foods, but does not carry eggs or cheese; these items are not served in the restauant either, making it non-dairy vegetarian. And for those avoiding sugar and honey — natural fruits are the main sweeteners in deserts like tofu pie with apricots.

I discussed the history of the eatery with the proprietor during an afternoon lull in the usually well-filled place: He explained: "The restaurant was started about five months ago on a lot of positive energy. The store was up for rent and some friends and I tossed some ideas around and then started getting it together. The place was a mess, it needed cleaning and we had to do a number on the kitchen, plumbing, plastering—three of us working on it. Then things just came to us, we found things on the street and people would offer to sell us things."

The proprietor tells a little history about opening day: "We had oatmeal the first day we opened, that's all. We went out and got bread and peanut butter sandwiches together — we didn't have a stove — just a hot plate. We just had to open — burst open. There was nothing more to do, the people came in the doors —what were we to do? We bought a big bag of oatmeal — it was the best tasting oatmeal, cookies were made with the left-over oats. Then someone named Nick came around and started cooking and people came in here and started cooking more things. A certain structure evolved organically as people who worked here ate here. There was a necessity for a well-rounded meal that would not be too expensive and this is what evolved — we serve certain staples every day and feel as if we are providing almost a kind of mess hall for the neighborhood. But people also come here from many different neighborhoods; some people even take a subway like the customer who comes almost every night from way uptown."

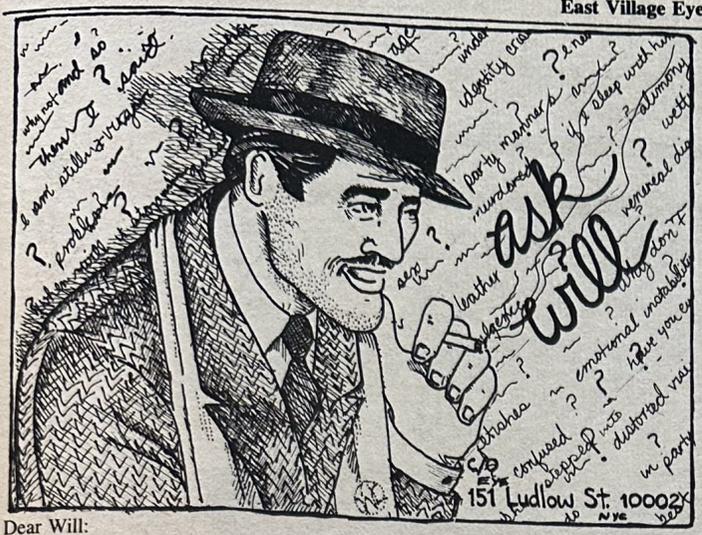
NATURE BOY'S
92 Second Ave.
Hours: 10:30 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. every day, except Sunday there is an 8:00 P.M. closing.

Nature Boy's is described by Chef Vito as vegetarian but serves fish as well. Vito says, "This is the only Sicilian vegetarian place around. On the outside of the place we make a very bold statement — 'the best food on this planet'. What is unique is that we carry meatless veal and pepper." Sampling the bite of the veal scallopine Vito offered me, I agree that it tastes as close to authentic veal scallopine as a it can get. A friend who ordered a slice of strawberry yogurt pie was an enthusiast after the first bite and asked the price of an entire pie to take out; five dollars. He settled for ordering an additional slice, but I have to admit I helped him eat both of them. This pie is from a family recipe, as are all the dishes. Vito told me, "There are three generations behind us in this business — my dad is ninety and still drives." Meatless chili, spaghetti and salad, stuffed avocado, and carrot cake are some items that appealed to me as a vegetarian who enjoys hearty, Italian food. The coffee is very good too.

EAT
11 St. Marks Place
Hours: 12:00 P.M. to 11:00 P.M. open every day except Sunday.

This restaurant, also has a vegetarian and fish menu, but with an emphasis on a wide variety of ethnic dishes. The chef-owner Barry gave as an example his potato pancakes which he says are, "like my grandomother used to make, with matzoh meal, potatoes, eggs and wheat pastry flour, but with more of an awareness about the ingredients." Saturday night I heard modern jazz, a guitar and flute duet that plays from 8:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. on both Fridays and Saturdays. The guitar player, Michael Bocian, doubles as waiter and cook and a friend joins in with a flute or other wind instrument for this free and pleasant dinner music. While being entertained I feasted on a homous platter with salad and pita bread for $2.25. I declined the strawberry pie which the waitress suggested, more because of my waistline measurements than because it overstretched my wallet at $1.20. The Good Friday menu featured Trout Fromage, a whole brook trout in cheese sauce with salad and fried rice at a modest $5.45, the highest price on the menu.

hairPower
GENTLE TEARLESS
27 St. Marks Place
982-6300



Dear Will:

I'm an attractive woman-about-town: a talented, young, well-built, desireable artist, in short . . . .a sure success.

My problem is my man needs to be alone. All the time. He's always out stretching canvas, strolling around Soho, wearing his Macho Artist clothes, playing darts in the Grass Roots or buying Budweisers for barflies.

Cowboy Moe thinks I'm a drag 'cause I want and need a meaningful relationship. Every time things get warm and wonderful, he's half-way out the door. What's a woman to do? Is it a sin to want to share a paint rag with the man you love?

Vincent Van Moe's not exactly an unprimed canvas . . . .he's old enough to face real responsibility. Why does he interpret my desire to be with him as an act of aggression? I don't understand a guy who can say "I love you . . . .good bye." How can I trust a man like this? Every time I let my true emotions show he gets peritonsillitis.

The problem's simply, his chroma just don't match my value. I'm deep ultramarine blue, please help. I'm sick and tired of being

Miss Construed

Dear Miss Construed,

When we feel misunderstood it is because we don't understand (and we blame others) and when we don't understand we get frustrated which leads to anger. Maybe you don't want to understand your man is unable or doesn't care to understand you.

If he is unable, because he is not in touch with his feelings and needs — as well as his art and you — you must either help him, leave him, or just enjoy your warm wonderful moments.

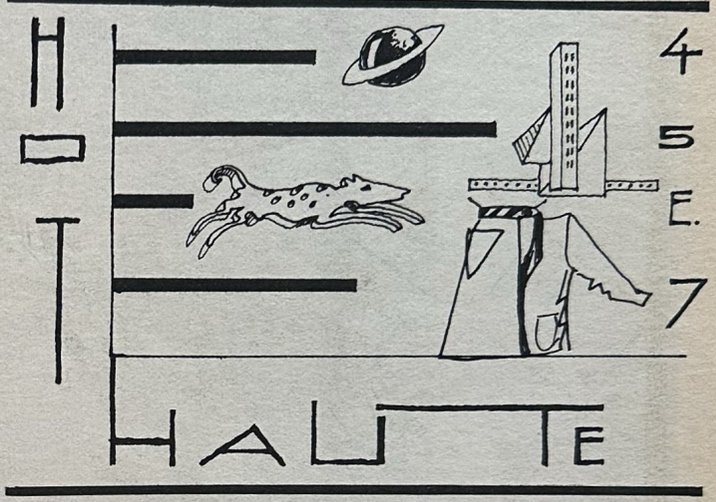
If he doesn't care to try to understand you after you talk to him, learn to say goodby without a cry.

. . .You have to
Care enough to listen,
Listen enough to know;
Know enough to love;
Love enough to grow.

You must remember the first law of a good relationship is:

HELP ME
TO
LOVE ME
MORE
I
CANNOT
LOVE
YOU
LESS.

love,
Will Long



JACKIE CURTIS

HOLLYWOOD'S PROMISE CREATED HIS DRIVE TO STARDOM

by Mrs. Raymond Forest

It is a sure thing that picture star Jackie Curtis will be living in one of those mediterranean palazzos in Hollywood this year. His recent nightclub acclaim here in ManhattanTown has prompted the attention of a certain big studio and a seven year contract is in the works. Jackie Curtis has never lost sight on the stairway to paradise. He remains content, a permanent feature of the ever moving star system. It is for us his loving public to insure Jackie's place at the top of the Christmas tree with a never ending barrage of fan mail to the top studios.

Some terrible disease is spread in the land. The very temples and paragons of worship have been transvested and then ignored. Our idols are drained of their energy in their efforts to inspire us, but we remain unmoved, untouched by their efforts. I call on you now to see a star, a star as great as Gloria Swanson, Gary Cooper, Micky Rooney, Marilyn Monroe; and I hesitate, but then say to you, "Jackie Curtis, Star, Lives." He is close to you, in your neighborhood, Jackie Curtis is your friend and representative. He has since a young boy believed in the fantasy that this reality could be. Jackie Curtis has spent a lifetime devoted to an American dream, a dream of perfect loveliness, a dream of movie paradise throughout the land.

Give the mechanic his motor, give the baker his flour, but a star needs more, so much more than any other ordinary common man who has been tempted by reality. Jackie Curtis is a genius in tune with the most impressive information coming to the planet at this time. Jackie Curtis is a playwright with manuscripts waiting production, (tales to inspire the old to de-age). America you are so sick and old that you are going to burn the house down before you die so we won't get anything. We are crying for you because you are so sick.

Why did you close Hollywood down? That is what we want to know. Jackie Curtis wants to know why the Hollywood Dream Factory was slowed to a close, seemingly at a time when such a factory was needed most.

Growing up on the Lower East Side, Jackie Curtis was unmoved by the changing passing of the old ethnic neighborhood into the fierce, crime and drug pocket it was to become in the sixties. Jackie Curtis lived the child's world of fantasy amidst the cruelty of a decaying small town which was the East Village. It wasn't until his mother ushered Jackie off for the duration of his high school years to a clean Queens suburb that the boy received his first taste of the life that America as a whole was still experiencing. The safety, the security, the cleanliness, the perfection of the well kept—the suburbs and the small towns in the fifties and the early sixties were still experiencing the old America of Andy Hardy. Jackie Curtis is clearly Andy Hardy stranded on a traffic island in the middle of a commercial highway strip with the motor cars com-

ing and going on either side. The show in the barn has become gross and Andy Hardy is astounded by sex. Sex roars in the land—scaring the little children. Jackie Curtis took to the defense of the little children early in his career. Disguised as a beautiful 1930's picture starlet, Jackie Curtis travelled through the Manhattan Art Society in the early seventies; a physical manifestation of the dreams and idols so close to children. Jackie Curtis was so powerful in his defense of the noble fantasy world that all the boring people banded together to outmode our star. Alas, Jackie had to go into hiding for years as a boy. Now the time is right to free Jackie Curtis from the trap the boring people put him in. Do not let the rough words or the insignificant time period differences influence your support of our star. Jackie Curtis is not unlike Mary Pickford, who hid away in her giant Hollywood estate after public support for her as "America's Sweetheart" had waned. Do not treat Jackie Curtis in the way our parents and grandparents treated their stars. We must protect our heroes from the onward march of time or we will all end up stranded without friends in the abstract future. Jackie Curtis is a symbol of the positivity of stopping time. Stop the march of time so that we may reflect on our present, redefine the negative from our culture, and return to the numerous positive pasts so near and dear to us. Was it not the most forbidden of child dreams—time travel. Jackie Curtis is a guide—follow him.

Informally Yours

by jim de zego

Hi there all you nice people! Several weeks ago I was at Yankee Stadium with my son Mike, age 12! After watching the game for a while, I happened to be looking to my left when I spotted that great comedian, SOUPY SALES, sitting a few seats away! I immediately struck up a conversation with Handsome Soupy and found him to be very knowledgeable when it came to baseball! He's a real YANKEE fan! And so am I! Between innings, Soupy Sales, without exaggeration, must have signed thousands of autographs! He's as popular as ever and deservedly so, because he's a very nice guy! Soupy told me his two teenaged sons are in California performing in a 'rock and roll' group called 'RUNT'! His two sons are TONY & HUNT and when they start to sing the young girls swoon like crazy! They're very talented & handsome! By the way folks, you can be thoroughly entertained by watching SOUPY SALES on 'What's My Line' on Channel Nine, Monday thru Friday at 7 PM! SOUPY SALES said he knows a guy who has such a 'split-personality', his psychiatrist 'charges' seventy-five dollars 'EACH' per visit! I 'doubled' up on that one! Tony Sales is quick to define 'a-la-carte' as a 'very zlow' way of getting across town! Hey Tony, you've got my tongue 'wagon' on that one! 'Hunt Sales' told me he found a 'lost' wallet! I asked him how he knew it was 'lost' and Hunt said 'because the man across the street was still looking for it! Oi vay, such comedians! My good buddy, Handsome SOL ABRAMS, biggie at Palisades Amusement Park in NJ tells me that in recent years the racing world has seen a top winning horse named 'Clown Town'!

Now pasersby along fashionable Fifth Avenue in NYC have come to know one of the most gorgeous CHIHAUHAUS, also with the same name! It is a ten month old pup, one of three CHIHAUHAUS owned by top songwriter 'Gladys Shelley'! She named this dog after her hit song because she knew that the dog would be a champion, a winner and a real beauty just like her top standard hit song 'Clown Town', which in recent years has been recorded by scores of different vocalists and groups both here and abroad! Gladys Shelley told me her girl-friend's baby 'swallowed a pencil'! The Doctor told her he'd be right over and 'what' was she doing in the meantime! 'USING A BALL-POINT PEN' she replied! Hey Gladys, is that the 'write' answer! Sol Abrams said he knows a man who made a 'fortune' up in the 'North Pole'! He sold 'unfrozen' food! That's 'an ice' story! My pal TOM MIGHTON, Special Cop at Yankee Stadium tells me that one of the greatest guys around today is SGT LOU PAGANI who has been a 'Special Cop' at Yankee Stadium for 53 years! Terrific Lou has rubbed elbows with the great Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Joe Di Maggio, Casey Stengel, Mickey Mantle and thousands of others! Take a bow LOU, you're on camera! I'll say one thing folks, and that is, these fine 'Special Policemen' do a tremendous job at Yankee Stadium and other sports arenas in our town! Go to Yankee Stadium and you'll get the 'red-carpet treatment' from the great Yankee Stadium personnel! Tom Mighton told me there's one thing about his wife and that is, she 'never repeats' gossip! She's 'always' the 'one' who 'starts it'! Now hear this! Sgt Lou Pagani said he knows a guy who so 'dumb,' he keeps 'jumping up and down' after taking his 'medicine'! He 'forgets' to 'shake the bottle'! Some of my other buddies at Yankee Stadium who deserve 'honorable mention' are the following: Handsome AL BOCKER, Special Cop who really does a fantastic job and is liked by all! Al Bocker said he saw Lawrence Welk dressed up as Billy the Kid! That's what Al calls a real 'square shooter'! I got a bang out of that one! Now say 'hello' to the very good looking 'Special Cop' who smiles to the name of TONY COCOZZA! Tony is in his early 20's and attends Iona College! And get this girls: Handsome Tony is a bachelor and is available! And he's a great guy! Tony said he knows a guy who's so 'lazy' that if 'money' grew on 'trees', he wouldn't 'shake' a 'limb' to get it! Next is Cute Teenager, Micky Morabito of Brooklyn! He's the one you see on the field before the game with the managers and the umpires at home plate! He is the 'liaison man' from the field to the 'Press Box'! He's a young genius! Mickey just reminded me that Ron Blumberg of the Yankees was 23 yrs old on August 23rd! Happy Birthday Ron! And so long Mickey!

Reprinted from Our Town, 1971

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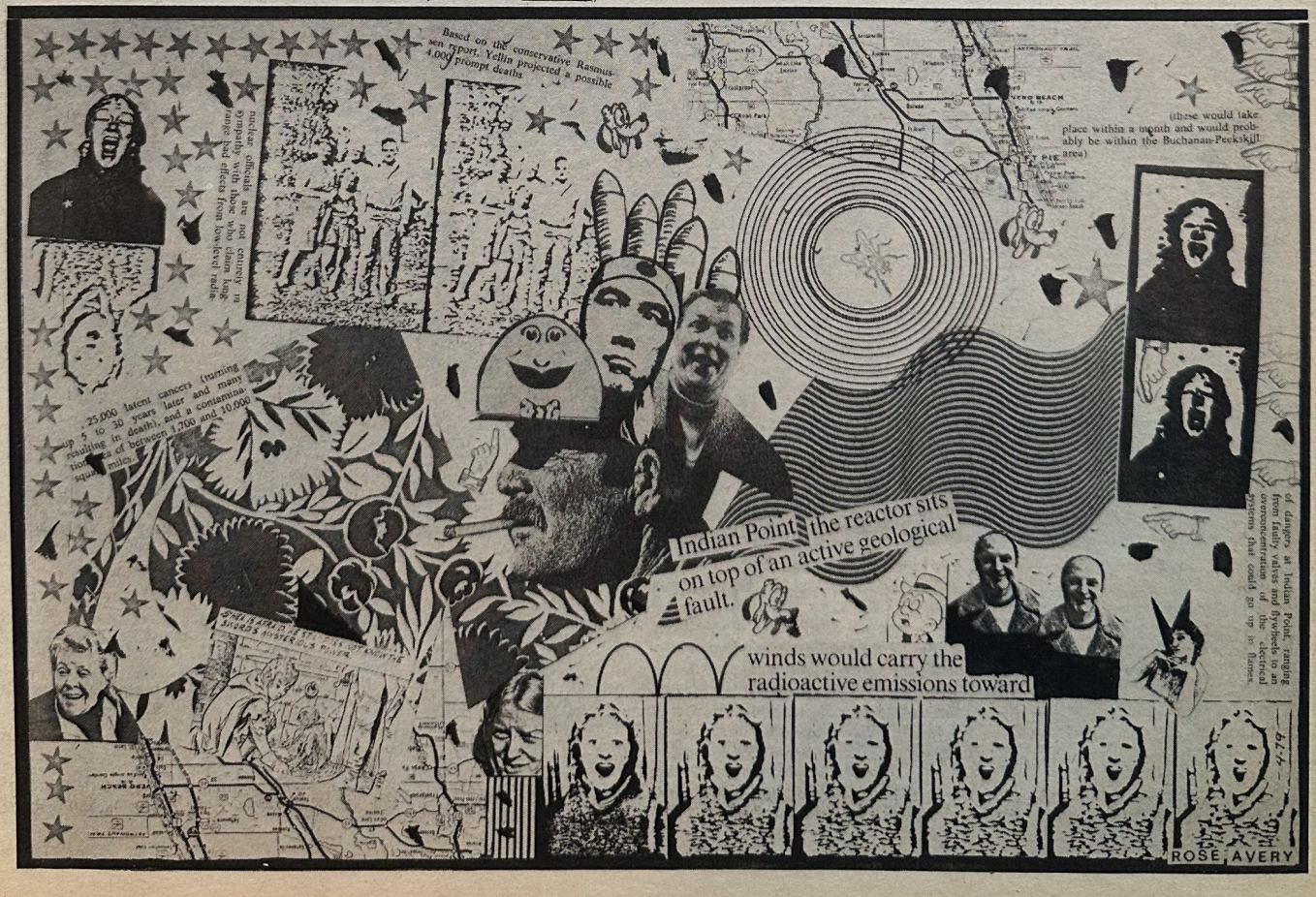
Based on the conservative Rasmussen report, Yellin projected a possible 4,000 prompt deaths.
nuclear officials are not crummy in sympathy with those who claim long range bad effects from low level radia-
25,000 latent cancers (turning up 5 to 30 years later and many resulting in death), and a contamination of between 1,700 and 10,000 square miles.
(these would take place within a month and would probably be within the Buchanan-Peekskill area)
Indian Point the reactor sits on top of an active geological fault.
winds would carry the radioactive emissions toward
of danger at Indian Point ranging from faulty valves and flow meters to overconcentration of the electrical systems that could go up in flames.
ROSE AVERY

DIS
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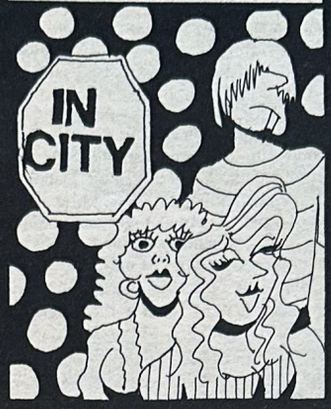
TED

SWIHURA
1978

THEY'RE FILMING A COMMERCIAL...

OUR VISION'S BLOCKED...



BY A DISCO REALITY IN A-OK DAY-GLO

SUPERIOR SIDEWALK DISMAY

AS WE WALK DOWN...

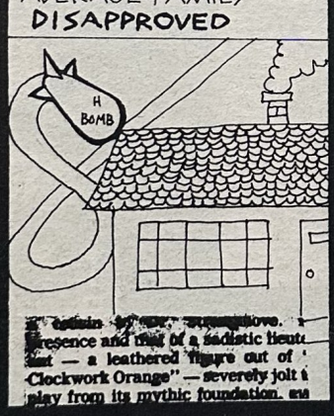
COMMERCIAL AMERICAN AVENUE

IT WAS WHAT YOU'D CALL A HARD SELL SUMMER...

NO WORK...

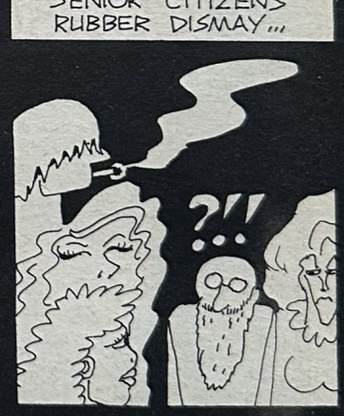
LIVIN' IN Sell City

AVERAGE FAMILY DISAPPROVED



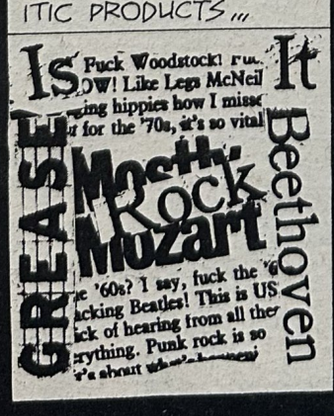
SENIOR CITIZENS MONTAGE

SENIOR CITIZENS RUBBER DISMAY...

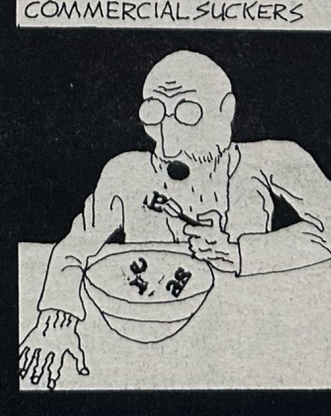


DISAPPROVED DANCE VS. LADY GODIVA CONTROL COMMISSION...

JUST SIDEWALK POLITIC PRODUCTS...



ABSTRACT AMERICANS, COMMERCIAL SUCKERS



WE ~~SIT~~ SHIT ON THE ~~PUBLIC~~ PUBIC BENCH

A Guide To Inexpensive Health Care

by Mary Round

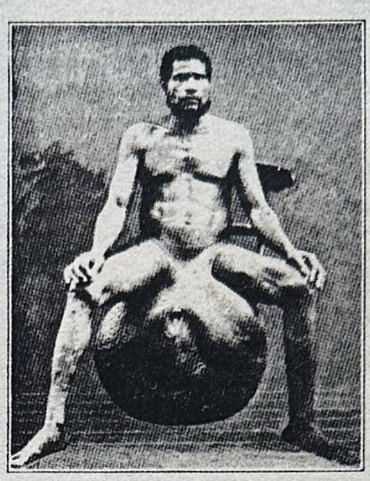
There are too many of us walking around with holes in our teeth and unspeakable diseases. No good. The problem of course is the increasingly popular subsistence budget. But relax! Eye-Town has a number of free or cheap health care facilities for those with low incomes.

The most successful of these are community-run. Many have been instrumental in neighborhood revitalization by serving as a rallying point for a variety of community outreach programs, of which health care is only one. And while the more expensive private facilities offer few surprises, our public clinics and health stations are always an adventure. The ones listed here, however, have been included on the basis of reliable service and the ability to handle additional patients.

The NENA Comprehensive Health Care Program is a good example. Located at 279 East Third Street, its catchment area (the boundaries a person must live within to be eligible for registration at the facility) is Delancy Street to 14th Street, and FDR Drive to First Avenue. The medical program is divided into three Units: the Walk-In Unit, the Comprehensive Unit, and the Special Unit. The Walk-In Unit does not require an appointment, and it serves mainly as a screening area for episodic care: minor injuries and illnesses, such as fevers and earaches, are treated. The Comprehensive Unit is staffed by teams of doctors, each team consisting of an internist, a pediatrician, a mid-level practitioner. Persons are assigned to a team and followed as private patients, which is comparable to having a private physician. Immunizations and vision and hearing testing are available for children. The Special Unit includes Family Planning, Pre-natal care, and GYN. There are a neurologist, a dermatologist, an optometrist, an opthamologist, and a clinical psychologist within this unit.

NENA is open Monday through Friday from 9 A.M. until 8 P.M., and on Saturday from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. Appointments are required. Costs are determined by a sliding scale based on income and the number of members in a family. The scale begins at $5.00. Medicare, Medicaid, and GHI are also accepted. NENA is community run, and it is funded by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. To make an appointment, call 477-8500.

The Lower East Side Health Center of the New York Department of Health was consolidated with the Lower West Side Health Center two years ago as a result of budgetary cutbacks. Now located at 303 Ninth Avenue between 27th and 28th Streets, their catchment area is all of lower Manhattan to 59th Street, and river to river. Their programs include a free walk-in V.D. clinic, which is opened on Monday and Thursday from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. On Wednesday afternoons there is free blood pressure screening, which is done by community outreach workers. There is free immunization for travellers (mainly for smallpox) on Tuesday and Wednesday from 12:30 to 2 P.M. The child heath clinic, open to children from birth to school age, includes an immunization program, physical examinations, and vision and screening tests. This program is also free, but by appointment only. The phone number is 564-8904.

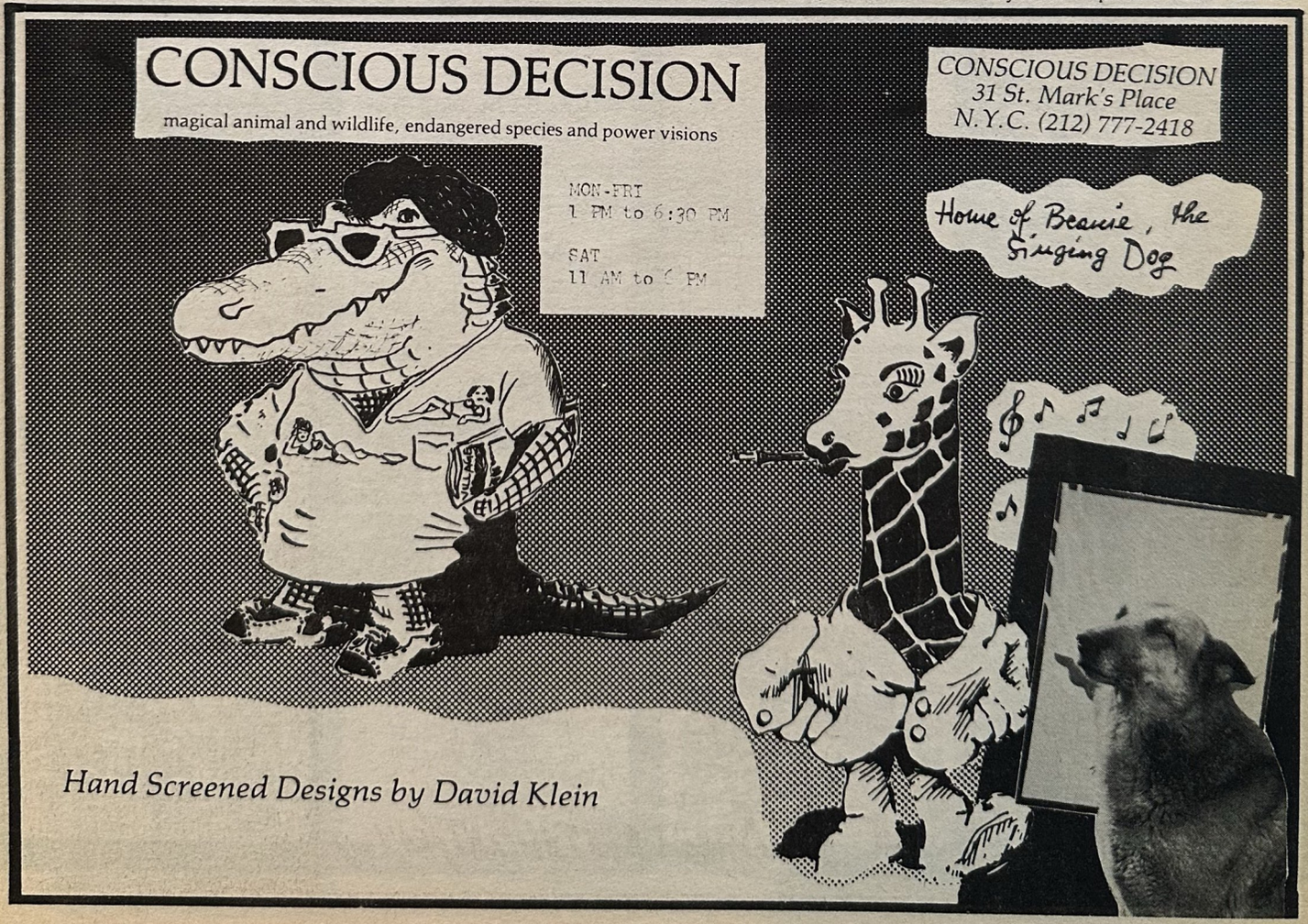


Visit your neighborhood Health Clinic soon.

The Child Health Station, at 280 Delancey Street, is opened to children from birth to school age. The program includes immunizations, physical examinations, and vision and hearing testing. It is staffed by a doctor and public health nurses, and falls under the auspices of the New York Health Department. The members of the staff are bilingual, and the program is completely free. The clinic is opened Monday through Wednesday, with sessions in the morning and afternoon by appointment only. For further information and appointments, call 673-5990.

Action for Progress is located at 92/94 Ludlow Street. It is a family planning clinic, and its program includes GYN examinations, V.D. testing, and birth control. It is staffed by a gynecologist and an obstetrician. The clinic is opened Monday through Wednesday from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Thursday from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.. Clinic hours, during which patients are seen, take place only two or three hours daily, and it is recommended you call for an appointment. Action for Progress is funded by the Human Resources Administration. For further information about costs and appointment procedures, call 477-1120.

The Stuyvesant Polyclinic, located at 137 Second Avenue, is open to everyone. Its program includes complete physicals, blood testing, urine analysis, screening for TB and diabetes, chest X-rays and EKGs. Appointments are encouraged, but walk-ins may be accepted. Stuyvesant emphasizes health care for



the elderly, as one-third of its patients are aged; however, it is open to all adults who are 18 years and older. 15-to-17 year olds will be accepted with the consent of a parent. The staff consists of an internal medical doctor who speaks Russian, Ukranian, Polish, and English. Costs are on a sliding scale ranging from $7.00 to $40.00 based on income and family situation. Medicare, Medicaid and third party insurance are also accepted. Stuyvesant is currently initiating plans for expansion of their services to include community outreach and a free lunch program. The clinic is opened Monday through Friday from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. The phone number is 674-0220. It is owned by the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and is state and federally funded.

Costs are determined by a sliding scale based on income and the number of members in a family. The scale begins at $5.00. Medicare, Medicaid, and GHI are also accepted. NENA is community run, and it is funded by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. To make an appointment, call 477-8500.

The Betance Medical Center is located at 281 East Broadway, and is affiliated with the Henry Street Settlement. It is open to anyone who wishes to use its facilities. The staff consists of two medical doctors and a pediatrician. There is an immunization program and hearing and vision testing for children, and genetic counseling for adults. Birth control, V.D. testing, and GYN examinations are also given. Blood pressure screenings are free. Betance is open on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. by appointment only. However, they will take walk-ins in emergencies. Costs are based on a sliding scale and range from $2.00 to $34.00. Medicaid and GHI are also taken. A community board oversees the center, which is funded by HEW. For appointments and further information, call 766-9200. Community Health Workers operate an outreach program from Betance that will assist people who are having difficulties with matters such as housing or welfare.

The Northern Dispensary is a dental clinic located at 185 Waverly Place. It is staffed by graduate licensed dentists, and its program is one of complete dental service. Each new patient must be registered before treatment can begin. The Dispensary's hours are Monday through Friday from 9 A.M. to 12 noon, and from 1 P.M. to 4 P.M., and Wednesday evenings from 4:30 to 7 P.M. For further information about registration, call CH2-5511.

The New York University Dental Clinic is located at 421 First Avenue between 24th and 25th Streets. This is a comprehensive dental clinic staffed by second and third year dental students under the supervision of their instructors. The initial visit consists of X-Rays, registration, and consultation. The fee for this visit is $20.00, and it may take several hours to complete the registration procedure. The patient returns for treatment in 10 to 14 days. The fees are considerably less than a private dentist would charge, and are discussed during registration. For further information, call 481-5800. (They will not quote costs until after a patient is registered.)

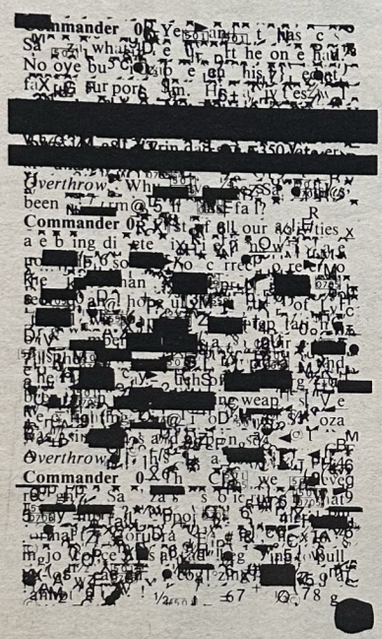
Space will not allow for a complete listing of facilities in the area. However, additional information may be obtained by calling the Women's Counseling Project, Inc. at 280-3063.

• LETTERS •

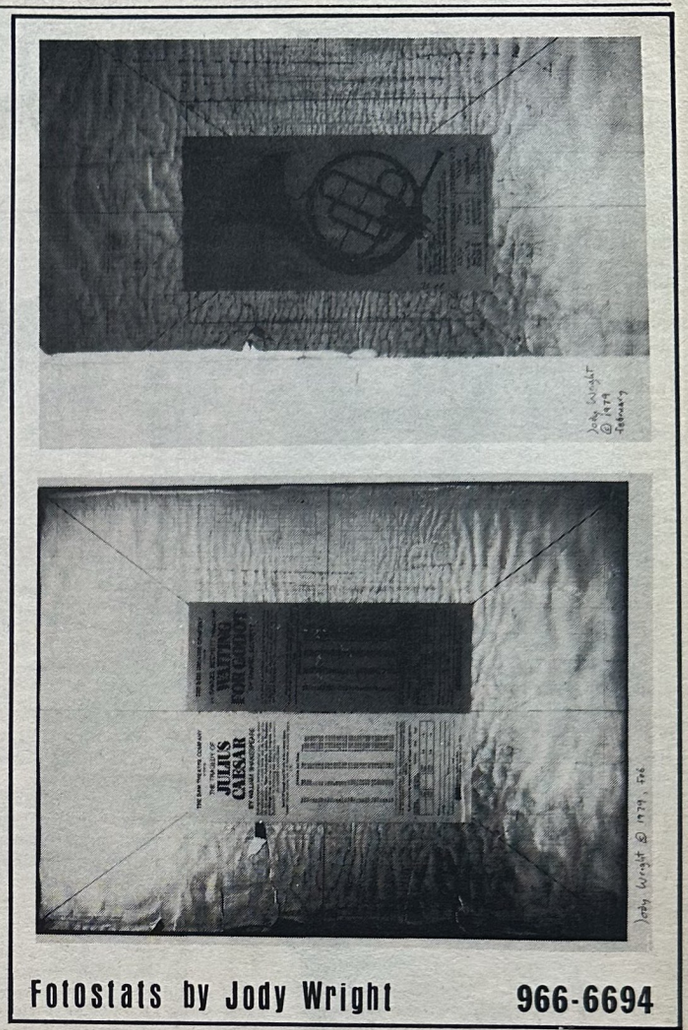
Dear Leonard

Hoping the new venture
You've chosen to pursue
Will lead to new horizons
Of happiness for you.

Love
Aunt Hannah



(Not now. Soon.)



Fotostats by Jody Wright 966-6694

East Village Eye

gives Special Thanks to:

Ken Danridge
Larry Lee
Nora Nelson
NYPIRG
YIP

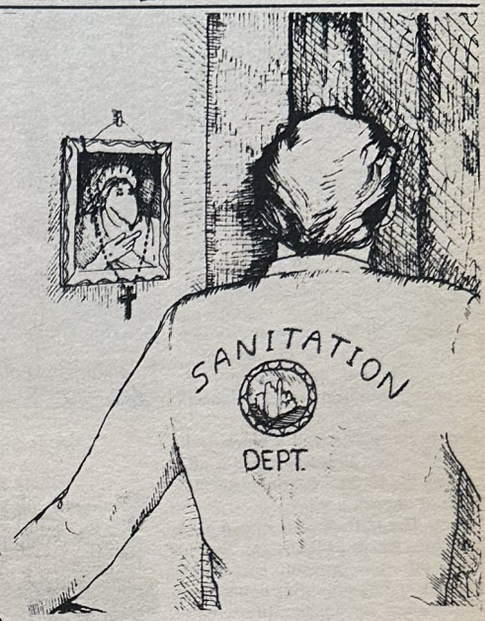
A TRUE TAIL RATPUNTA

PART I

written by DCEldredge

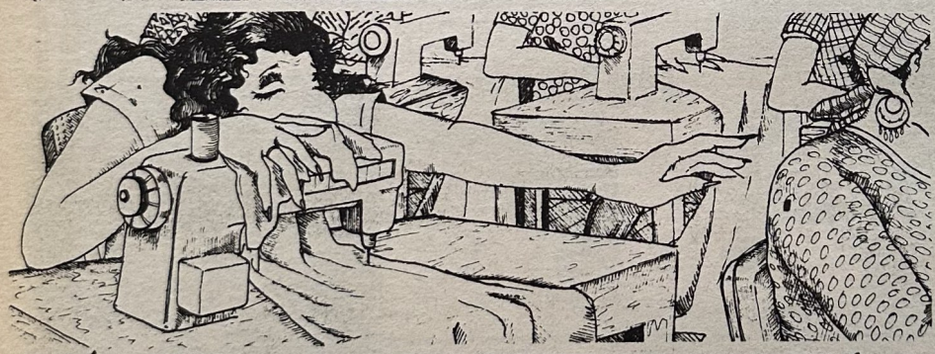
illustrated by RMSotnychuk

Once around Manhattan's lower east side,
across from where Tompkins Square's it's eyes to the sky
abided a couple, newly wed happily:
he a sewer worker, she a junkie.



Happily, I say, well, at least for a spell,
for as with all junkies, time will tell.
They came via ship from Puerto Rico you see;
to make a success e'en though in poverty.

He quickly found work at fair wage 'neath the sheets
she, not so lucky, at a sweatshop stitching sheets.
His work at least varied with each flow of new sludge.
Hers, howsomever, was an unceasing drudge.



She soon was unhappy, work bored her near tears,
she wondered how others could so persevere.
"I can stand this no more, yet you all sew with smiles."
She asked, "are you happy? or just imbeciles?"

This caused them to laugh, then one said with glee,
"we were waiting for you to loathe this drudgery
enough to get you to ask how we defeat it -
promise us that if I tell it's kept secret."

"DE-CON..." the dread word in her brain it did echo;
"DE-CON..." whose evil was spoke in Puerto Rico.

"Now dear," she cajoled, "I know what you're thinking.
Have some - you'll see it's really not crippling.

"Try it - be happy - all it takes is one nibble."
She added, "If you like it, I'll sell you a little."

to be DE-CONtinued in the next issue.

hssst...
Salomousé
is coming soon!

THE GYPSY

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RHODESIAN HOLIDAY

by Christoph Kohlhofer